

For the Dancing and the Dreaming: 100 Drabbles

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Stoick, Valka

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-06-30 10:18:08

Updated: 2014-07-03 09:09:18

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:31:32

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 832

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Stoick. Valka. A hundred different moments of love before loss. A lot of Stoick/Valka but also baby Hiccup too.

1. A Moment In Time

65. A Moment in Time

Valka cannot get used to the fact that her child can now sleep through the entire night. Like clockwork, her eyes flutter open in the dead of night waiting to hear her baby's cries. When that does not happen, she reaches for her candle and slips out of bed. She cannot return to sleep until she has felt Hiccup's breath on her hand. Stoick reprimands her about being too cautious with the baby, but Valka never listens. Deep inside, she knows there are reasons to watch her son.

The baby is smiling in his slumber. Valka reaches a hand down to stroke a round cheek and breathes a sigh of release when she feels the warm breath tingle her skin. She kneels down against the rocker to peer at her son. Like his father, he sleeps with two arms spread out to either side, and like him, Hiccup sleeps with his mouth wide open. He will definitely snore, Valka thinks, and Stoick, in agreement, snorts a deafening snore that is just as long as it is loud. Valka chuckles, and softly rocks the cradle. Its creaking along with Stoick's snores are joined by Valka's humming. They are sweet tunes from her childhood: songs that are sung in times of peace and tranquility.

A baby sleeps soundly in his baby cradle.

A father, a chief, snores heavily because he knows he can.

Valka understands moments like these are not lengthy visitors. They come and go before many even realize. So when her eyes get heavy for want of slumber, she does not return to her bed. She will sit with

Hiccup and hum to him until the wax burns out.

Valka cherishes her moments.

She does not know how many she will have.

2. Burning

****Disclaimer:** I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, books or movie franchise.******

****a/n:** ****Just** to show how rusty I am at this whole fanfiction business, I didn't bother putting any introduction in the first drabble.

In any case, thank you all so So ****SO**** much for the reviews/faves/alerts. It sends my little heart aflutter.

I'll link the themes on my profile incase anyone has any requests. Also, if anyone wants an A/U drabble please let me know!

Thanks for the support!

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><p>38. Burning<p>

Stoick was a hothead.

He didn't like to be disagreeable, but as chief there was a lot of things that frustrated him. Stoick knew his quick temper was not a desirable trait, but there were times he could not help it. It would bubble up in him. There was this fiery sensation that would singe the pit of his stomach and rise into his chest. Sometimes, it was a dull simmer; these were easy to control. Other times, it was a blaze that was so hot he could not contain the flames that would spout from his fuming mouth.

Many of the villagers called him passionate: he only yelled because he needed to be understood. That was the Viking way.

Valka attributed it to not being able to converse like a normal human being.

In the Great Hall, Stoick and Valka would get into heated arguments. Dragons were the hottest topic, but something as simple as changes in the village could become fighting words. Valka took every opportunity to challenge him. Her eyes were bright and her words were quick. She matched Stoick in wit and temper, and sometimes it would get so intense that she would storm out of the Hall and refuse to acknowledge him for days.

During those fights, Stoick would feel that same bubbling begin, but it would rise past his chest and creep up to his neck and ears. It was a rich, slow burn that, according to Gobber, made his ears as red as his hair. It made him feel happy and excited, almost as if he enjoyed these little tiffs. Valka made Stoick feel something completely different, but Stoick chalked it up to the pleasure of winning another argument.

On the other side of Berk, Valka would rush to her home in a state huffing and cursing. She knew it was senseless to argue with Stoick the Vast: Great Chief of Berk. She never understood why she did it. It wasn't as if she thought she could do a better job as Chief (Valka was actually impressed by some of the decisions Stoick had made since assuming the role). She found the whole thing ridiculous, but when they quarreled, his voice would send flares through her bones. They would catch in her stomach and make her cheeks bright pink. She couldn't quite place the feeling tingling her chest. It almost delighted her, and that made her even angrier. In the end, Valka would announce that she would never acknowledge the madcap again before turning in for bed where she would replay the argument over and over with cheeks still warm.

End
file.